



MR. DOOLEY ON EDUCATION

BY F. P. DUNNE.

"It's a tur-rible thing to be th' prisdent iv a college," said Mr. Dooley. "Ye have to be so intilligint."

"Who's in trouble now?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Me frind, th' prisdent iv Harvard," said Mr. Dooley. "He's very sad. I thought th' wuruld was goin' on splindidly. Fr'm day to day th' weather has been pretty good, barrin' occasional rain. Th' coal strike is over an' we'll have plinty iv coal this winter if th' watchman don't look out. Th' people ar-round me ar-re pretty good folks whin they don't crowd. They're as happy as they deserve to be an' as good to each other as they ought to be. I ain't discontented with th' wuruld an' I ain't sad an' I think ivrything will come out all right in th' end or nearly right or wrong or some way."

"But not so with me frind, th' prisdent iv Harvard. Where you an' me, Hinnessy, with our little six-an-three-eighths intilligence sees nawthin' but good enough, th' prisdent iv Harvard beholds a blue an' mournful situation. Th' wuruld is on th' blink. Things ain't comin' out right. We're all goin' to th' divlin' an' no way to hinder. It's a bad, wicked, card-playin', novel-readin', booze-consumin', wife-batin', laughin', odyous wuruld. An' what's th' reason fr' it? Iddycation! Iddycation, he hives. Th' common schools has put ivrything to th' bad."

"I was lookin' at his speech th' other day an' it made me feel as diseased as if I'd been readin' a book iv family med'cine. I am obliged," he says, "to inform ye," he says, "that th' good we expected fr'm pop'lar iddycation hasn't come off," he says. "I will proceed," he says, "to th' unwelcome but agreeable task iv tellin' ye about it," he says.

"In th' first place, fr'more thin two gin'rations we have been strugglin' with th' bar'brous iv jolly vice iv drunkenness, which nobody can deny, which nobody can deny. I expected all along that a knowledge of joggery an' compound numbers would friver rid th' wuruld iv this curse that has come upon us lately an' that was uncomin' in th' Plymouth gin'ratin. (Laughter.) But not at all. Th' fact that a man can bound Zambesi an' dig up th' square root iv ten don't seem to have subjocted th' horrid cravin' fr' th' fightin' mixtures. Thousands iv men who have declined a verb have niver declined a bowl. Th' amount iv liquor that is ivry year pushed into th' fev'ish head iv persons who know about fractions an' th' use iv 'shall' an' 'will' is enough to thrive an iddycator to drink."

"I leap to another cause iv th' dumps. Gamblin'. Gamblin' is a new vice. I niver heard iv it before I went to Harvard. But such a holt has it took on this poor land iv ours through th' assistance of pop'lar iddycation, that today in ivry hamlet th' click iv th' poker check is th' response to th' clang iv th' school bell. Little boys dart fr'm th' blackboard to th' horrid chalked circle in th' school yard where they play mibs fr' keeps while their mothers gamble at cribbage fr' a penny a pint an' their fathers set up all night thryin' to fill th' busted flush. But in vain."

"I now pass to novels, which make me mos' depressed. I had hoped in th' halcyon days iv me youth that whin we had piped our people full iv quadratic equations they wud read on'y th' best books, e. g., "Gloom," be-

Charles W. Elliot, "Despair," be C. W. Elliot, an' "Eliot on Wasted Opportunities." On th' contry, they seem to be pleased with Billy Baxter. It is too bad.

"Again I am rayjoiced to tears be what amuses people. Wan iv th' worst things that can happen to a people is to be aisily amused. Iddycation has made us too ticklish. We stop to hear a band play in the street, go to the variety show, an' laugh at jokes. It is dreadful to think iv. Laughter shud be used sparingly. People shud only be amused be seeryous things. I am amusin'. So is scenery. I have not laughed since I see Pike's Peak."

"But why go on. Iddycation is a failure. It hasn't suppressed shrikes, it hasn't previnted people fr'm loosin' their tempers, it hasn't subjocted their passions, an' worst iv all it hasn't made thim sad. It's a failure. I looked forward to th' day whin gin'rals iddycation iv th' masses wud give all th' wuruld a grouch; whin th' eye iv youth wud be bedimmed be a tear an' th' brow iv age cracked in seams be melancholy; whin laughter wud be confined to dumb animles, an' man, iddycated man, wud walk about th' wuruld with a quiverin' under lip; whin th' theaytres, th' saloons an' th' gamblin' houses wud be closed up, th' hurdy gurdy silenced, an' life wud become wan perpechool sad, sweet moan. Alas, it ain't so. Th' grave presints no attractions to me fellowmen. Though iddycated, they continue to be human. Iv all th' men I know, I alone have profited be iddycation. In me ye see th' exclamation to th' rule. I am always sad, always downcast. I defy anny wan to tickle me!"

"So that's what th' prisdent iv Harvard thinks iv iddycation. It's gone wrong. It ain't helped us anny. We mus' close th' public schools an' hang crapes on th' dure."

"Do I think so? Do I think pop'lar iddycation is a failure? Faith, I do not. I don't think anything is a failure. Some day whin I get a good dale iv money together, I'm goin' to hire a hall an' invite all th' prisdents iv colleges an' I am goin' to give thim an' intertainment. 'Twill begin with a little music an' they'll be a turn be teams iv naygur comeefans, a number on th' pianny, an' a hum'rous recitation. Thim I will sthep to th' front iv th' platform an' I'll say:

"Ladies an' gentlemen, me object in gettin' ye together on this occasion is to ask ye to cheer up. It ain't as bad as it seems, boys. Things is pretty good after all. It is thrue that ye haven't cured all th' wrongs iv th' wuruld but nobody as ye to. Th' trouble with ye is that ye'er intilligence has soured on ye. Intilligence whin they're a good dale iv it an' ye know it's there, is sometimes a form iv melancholy. I suppose ye wake up in th' mornin' feelin' cheery but after awhile ye tire iv life, ye have fears iv approachin' danger, people around ye don't seem quite right. Ar-re those th' symptoms? Well, like Doctor Bunyon I hold that ye've begun gorgin' ye're mind with too much thought. Ye have a form iv mental biliousness. Brace up, me la-ads All is well. Ye need a change iv dale an' air. Wipe th' chalk dust fr'm ye're sleeves an' come out into th' streets an' mingle with th' people. Thry a little lighter readin'. Ye've kept ye're eye on th' pot too long. If ye look away a little while, it'll begin to bile. If ye take me advice in two months ye'll be new men an' ye can rayturn to ye're thought refineries with glad hearts an' tache th' young idee how to shoot. It'll larn to aim after it laves ye. Kappelmeister, play us a chune an' I'll ask Prisdent Elliot to sing 'Nancy Brown.' "D'ye believe in pop'lar iddycation?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"I do," said Mr. Dooley, "but not as a drug."



LADY CURZON

The latest portrait of the Vicerine of India, who was Miss Leiter of Chicago, and whose husband, it is reported, may be the next Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

TRACING "HOOSIER."

An Indiana man at the Treasury Department, who was being taunted about the name of his state, "Hoosier," gave this explanation of it:

"When the young men on the Indiana side of the Ohio River went to Louisville the Kentucky men boasted over them, calling them 'new purchase greenies,' and claiming themselves to be a superior race, half horse, half alligator and tipped off with snapping turtle. These taunts produced fights in the market house and streets of Louisville. On one occasion a stout bully from Indiana was victor in a fist fight, and, having heard Colonel Lehmanowsky lecture on 'The Wars of Europe,' who always gave martial prowess to the German Hussars in a fight with the Russian Cossacks, pronouncing Hussars 'hoosiers,' the Indian, when the Kentuckian cried 'Enough!' jumped up and said: 'I'm a hoosier.' And hence the Indians were called by that name. This was its true origin. I was in the state when it occurred." (Washington Cor. Chicago Chronicle.)

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FOR THE NOSE THAT IS RED.

A red nose is the outward and visible sign of something wrong inside in nine cases out of ten; but there are instances in which the red nose of femininity is caused by merely local conditions that may be made to disappear by the use of a remedy that a French physician has recently introduced to his grateful country women.

It is a very simple remedy, and any nose not the result of alcohol or indigestion will fade into a beautiful shade of flesh pink after one treatment. It consists of benzine. A bandage of gauze is soaked in the liquid and then laid on the nose, care being taken to avoid rubbing or causing any irritation that might tend to redden it.

If the cloth be allowed to remain on the skin for a few minutes, the redness will disappear, and after that the suspicious shine that succeeds the color will also disappear and there will be only the color of the natural skin.

At a dinner during the Russian intimidation of Turkey, Lord Beaconsfield was once seated near an inquisitive hostess, who, after the political situation had been discussed, at length, inquired of her distinguished guest in a thrilling whisper: "What are you going to do?" "I am waiting," quietly replied the prime minister of England. "What are you waiting for?" pressed his hostess. "I am waiting for you to pass the mustard," said Beaconsfield, and he placidly continued his dinner.

THE WEST POINT CHAIN.

There are not many people who would recognize in the name of Samuel Wheeler a person who did valuable service for our country in the War of the Revolution, says Harper's Round Table. It was he who made the famous chain that was stretched across the Hudson river to stop the British warships from ascending the stream.

At the time General Washington was puzzled about defending the river.

"I wish I could get a chain made, but that is impossible," he said, and General Mifflin, overhearing the remark, exclaimed:

"Not so. We have a man in the army, a townsman of mine, one Wheeler, who can make you such a chain."

General Washington had Wheeler brought to him and said: "I want a chain put across the North river to stop the British ships. Can you make it?"

"I can," replied Wheeler, "but I cannot make it here."

"Then," said Washington, "I will cheerfully give you dismission from the army to do so, for badly as we want such men as you, I cannot afford to keep you."

Mr. Wheeler made the chain, and its links were hauled across New Jersey, to be finally strung across the river, where it did good service. By building a fire under one of the links and then using a sledge hammer and a chisel, it was finally cut apart.

HUMOROUS

In an indignant editorial, the Des Moines Register and Leader recently remarked: "The lady (?) who yesterday called the attention of another to our patched breeches, whereat both laughed so heartily, is informed that a new pair will be purchased when her husband's bill is settled. It has been due nearly a year. Don't criticise a printer's dress too closely while you are wearing silk with money due us. Tell your husband to send us \$10.75, and save the cost of a lawsuit. We need another pair of pants."

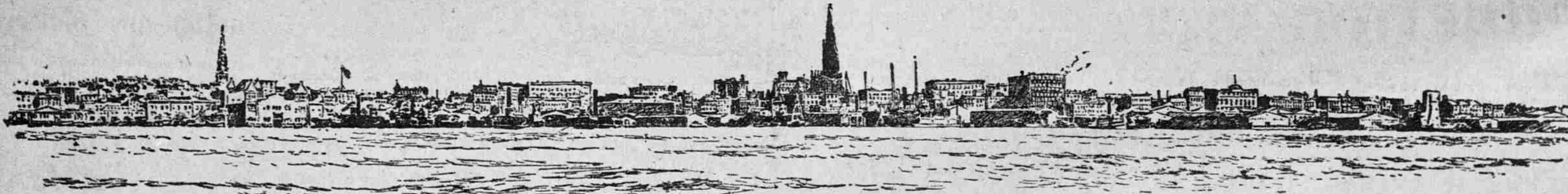
Some Göttingen students who had a keen admiration for Klopstock, the "German Milton," once found one of his stanzas unintelligible, and begged him to explain its exact meaning to them. The poet read the stanza—then carefully re-read it—then read it again, while all looked on with bated breath. At last he spoke: "I cannot recollect what I meant when I wrote it, but I do remember that it was one of the finest things I ever wrote, and you can do no better than to devote your lives to the discovery of its meaning."

This conversation between two women was overheard in Cleveland a few days ago: "Did you notice that girl who looked at us so pointedly just now?" "No, dear. Which one?" "It was just as we were passing the Achilles statue." "Oh! Do you mean the one in a gray Eton jacket with blue silk revers, and a strapped skirt to match; a blue hat with a big bow of green velvet, pale gray kid gloves stiched with black, a pale blue silk flounced underskirt, and high-heeled patent leather shoes, a spotted veil and a blue parasol?" "Yes, dear; that was the one." "No, then, I didn't notice her; in fact, I hardly looked at her."

So many members of the staff of the Mafeking Mail were recently incapacitated at one time that the editors felt obliged to apologize for the paucity of news in a certain issue. "We are sorry," they said, "but we could not help it. One of the staff had rheumatism and partial paralysis of the shoulder, another has had a few days' colic, and yet another could not come to work because his child was dangerously ill. One left without notice and paid two pounds for an interview with the resident magistrate in consequence, and another seized the opportunity to break into teetotalism, while more terrible still, one of our best went and got married."

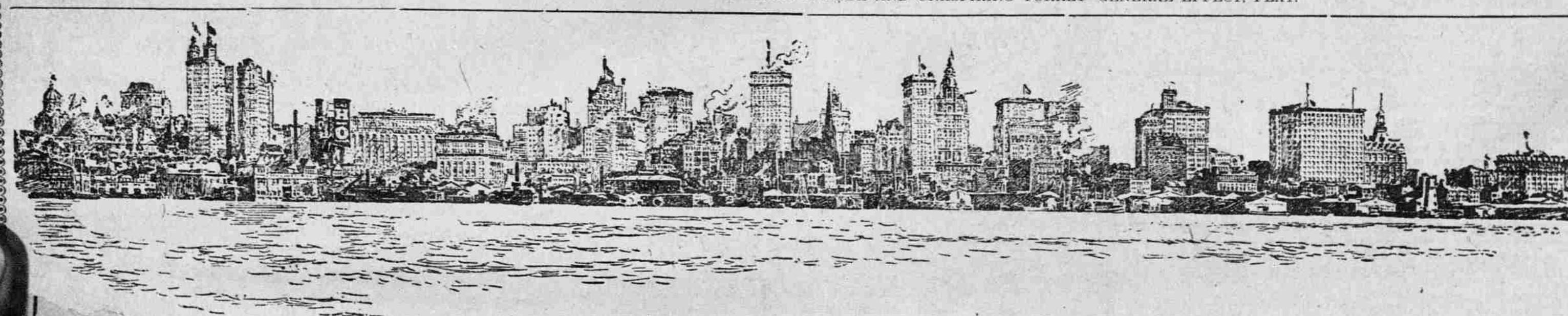
It is related that on one occasion Judge Roy Bean, of Texas, who is better known as "the law west of the Pecos river," held a coroner's inquest on a Mexican who had been found dead near the Pecos river. The jury brought in a verdict of accidental death. The crowd was dispersing when the judge called them back. "There is another matter to attend to," he said; "on this man's body was found fifty dollars and a six-shooter. It is contrary to the laws of Texas and the peace and dignity of the state to carry concealed weapons. Therefore I confiscate the revolver and fine the deceased one dollar. The costs of the case are just forty-nine dollars, which just settles his estate."

During a visit to the South with an eclipse expedition some years ago, an eminent American professor met an old negro servant, whose duty it was to look after the chickens of the establishment where he was staying. The day before the eclipse took place the professor, in an idle moment, called the old man to him and said: "Sam, if tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock, you watch your chickens, you will find they will all go to roost." Sam was skeptical, of course, but when at the appointed time next day the sun in the heavens was darkened, and the chickens retired to roost, the negro's astonishment knew no bounds. He approached the professor in awed wonder. "Massa," he asked, "how long ago did you know dat dem chickens would go to roost?" "Oh, a long time," said the professor, airily. "Did you know a year ago, massa?" "Yes," "Then dat best de debil!" exclaimed the astonished old man; "dem chickens weren't hatched a year ago!"



THE SKY LINE OF LOWER NEW YORK.

TWO SLENDER SPIRES, ST. PAUL'S AND TRINITY'S, DOMINATE UNCHALLENGED THE SKY LINE OF LOWER NEW YORK CITY. AS IT WAS WITHIN A YOUNG MAN'S MEMORY—SOME SHOULDERING LUMPS OF MASONRY, FLAT-TOPPED, WITH HERE AND THERE A MEEK AND UNSPIRING TURRET—GENERAL EFFECT, FLAT.



THE SKY LINE TODAY.

ST. PAUL'S, LOST AMONG THE STEEL TOWERS VENEERED WITH STONE—THE SLOUCHY BOY HAS GROWN UP TALL—AWAY UP IN THE AIR ABOVE THE TIP OF TRINITY BUSINESS IS GOING ON AT ASSORTED ALTITUDES, AND THE SKY LINE IS JAGGED AS A CHESS BOARD SET OR A BAD MOUTHFUL OF TEETH.